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at any rate, the latter kind of influence tends more and more to preponderate over the other. If we did not feel this, and feel it strongly, we should be very slow to write of him as we have done here, and elsewhere in this Review. Certainly, there is no man living who is more excessively over-estimated and over-praised than he; to a considerable part of the English-speaking community, implicit and unreasoning faith in him is almost an element of their religion, and a false element, which, in the interest of truth, cannot be too soon destroyed.

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4. — *The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Vols. II., III. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871. 8vo. pp. 514, 571.

WE are approaching the close of a century from our Revolutionary epoch, yet no work of a competent pen true to the record and the incident, judicial in the estimate of actors and prime leaders, and faithful in the relation of its political and military course, has yet been produced on either side of the water. A library of materials for it exists in print, and a mass of equal amount of authentic and interesting documents of prime importance in the relation are still in manuscript. There are those who fear that the very wealth and cumbrousness of the contributions made to such a history already in print have overlaid the theme and rendered it unlikely that any one will ever digest them into a continuous, lucid, and adequate narrative. The character of those materials, besides their bulk, offers a very serious embarrassment to any one who should attempt to deal with them judicially. They are filled with elements of strife, of personal variance, and controverted statements. Sit down to the perusal of one of the voluminous biographies, with the correspondence and official papers of one of the generals, members of Congress, or diplomatic agents of the Revolution, set forth and annotated by his special champion, and if you would follow the cross references which the pleas or explanations involve, you will find that you are heaping around you a whole cart-load of solid octavos.

Such an essay as Mr. Bancroft made towards the production of a History of the American Revolution brought upon him a phalanx of the outraged grandsons of the chief actors in the war to vindicate the fame of their ancestors against his aspersions and alleged misrepresentations.

The most thoroughly qualified and competent of our historical students who has ever faced the great undertaking was Mr. Sparks. By

actual research and a full acquaintance with the original and authoritative materials of the history, by the collection of all collateral information, and above all by his noble personal qualities of mind, conscience, and spirit, his moderation, candor, and nobleness of heart, he had become fitted for a task which would crown the ambition of his laborious life. Nor did he, as even many of his friends supposed, ever give over his purpose. He resigned the presidency of Harvard College that he might accomplish the work, and he died with his hands and thoughts still intent upon it.

Professor Greene, in the now completed biography of his grandfather, Major-General Greene, on which he has bestowed the faithful labor of more than a score of years, has made one of the most valuable and important of all the contributions to that cumbrous library of American history. We have now before us his second and third volumes. The first of the three has already been noticed in this Review. The general commendation which we had to bestow on the earlier portion of the work needs no abatement, but might justly be increased and heightened by us as we have followed his well-wrought narrative to its close. The interest and importance of the special subjects which he has had to present in them, and the peculiar skill and delicacy which they have required in their treatment, — alike for a rigidly accurate statement of facts and a cautious tone of judgment, — have carried us through the work with an unflagging attention and a sympathy of feeling with the writer. Had disaster or proved incapacity been visited upon Washington, it is probable that Greene would have acceded to his place of command and of responsibility. A knowledge of this fact, with the natural working of the imagination on the possibility of the contingency, of course induces the reader of these volumes to peruse them with a quickened and intensified critical engagement of curiosity, that he may measure the abilities and qualities of their subject.

Greene, like Washington, was a yeoman of the soil, and, if somewhat below him in the social scale and in the surroundings of circumstance and opportunity in case a peaceful tenor of life had fallen to them respectively, the subordinate was not inferior to his principal in mental capacity or in moral dignity. Greene, however, had not the reticence, nor the self-isolation, nor the restraint of tongue and judgment which characterized Washington. We recall here an amusing anecdote which we heard from the genial lips of President Sparks, — the best of the biographers, as he was also the fondest of the admirers of our great chief. On one occasion when Mr. Sparks was visiting the elder President Adams at his home in Quincy, with whom he was to dine, as dinner was announced, the guest, on rising to accompany his host, had his

attention engaged upon a portrait of Washington, which represented him with especial fidelity in the compression of his closed lips. With a seeming impatience at the lingering gaze of the biographer which delayed his progress to the dinner, the frank old patriot pushed his guest forward with the remark, "That old wooden head knew how to keep his lips shut, and got a great deal more credit for it than for anything he ever said." Making allowance for the evident consciousness of the speaker that his own unlikeness to Washington in this respect had given him a loftier estimate of the restraint which he did not so habitually visit upon his own lips, we pardon the disrespect of the epithet for the sake of the emphatic commendation of the grace of silence.

General Greene, in his speech and letters, in the degree of freedom which he allowed himself in private conference and at the table, as to men and measures, the shortcomings of Congress and the conduct of campaigns, took a midway course between that of cautious reticence and of blunt frankness characteristic of the two noble-souled men just named. And this fact suggests to us alike one of the most striking excellences of the subject of these volumes and one of the most commendable traits and qualities exhibited in the writer of them. General Greene, with an unquestionable integrity and singleness of purpose, and an ardent and intelligent patriotism, was also a man of remarkable practical sagacity, and with a fair and honest regard for worldly thrift that became a husband and the father of children. While the freedom and even the existence of his country were at stake, so also was his neck and the moderate competency which came to him from his homestead and from the diligent working of his forge on the little water-course of Rhode Island. He acquiesced uncomplainingly in the fortunes of war, and in all those inevitable contingencies which attend the debates of men not accordant in judgment, and in all the risks which beset campaigns shifting their scenes over a wide extent of country. But he saw that all the perils of the time, and all the losses and woes which were threatened, and all the sufferings and sacrifices of the soldiers, were needlessly aggravated by the partisan partialities and indifference of many members of Congress, and the leading men in the several States, and by the lack of an unselfish generosity of spirit in many officers of high rank. Of these infelicities, annoyances, and provoking irritations of the seven years' struggle he allowed himself to speak and write with frank indignation, though still not without the measure of moderation and tolerance of human frailties. And his biographer has treated these disagreeable and painful subjects, occasionally bearing hard upon the repute and the record of prominent individual actors, with a judicial

and restrained, but still with an open freedom, demanded by impartial history.

The second volume of the work opens with a very lucid and sufficiently full account of the so-called Conway's Cabal. Admitting whatever occasion there was—and at best it was slight—for the uneasiness and distrust felt towards the Commander-in-Chief for his seeming delays, failures, and uncommunicativeness as to his plans, the biographer very skilfully traces the working of petty jealousies, underhand manœuvrings, and personal rivalries, piques, and grudges in this conspiracy, which, as we now look back upon it, seems to have come nearer to success than the patriotism of the time really apprehended. When the secret actors and plottings of the cabal came within the knowledge of Greene, his honest manliness and his indignation furnished one of the proudest tokens of the place which Washington had won in the confidence of those who, being nearest to him in intercourse and divided responsibility, could best appreciate the task which came to him and the spirit in which he met it. Candor, however, requires the admission that the circumstances of the time furnished occasion for the restlessness and discontent which found as harmless a manifestation in this cabal as they would have developed through any other outlet. Professor Greene deals with Gates discriminatingly, and with a bias to leniency. He presents very frankly the emergent dangers of the situation, and exhibits with full evidence the general loyalty of both army and people to Washington, as well as what we can describe only as the *intentional* fidelity of Congress to its trust. The discomfiture and the humble retraction of Conway attested the flimsiness of his shallow plottings.

Next we have the careful and thoroughly verified rehearsal by the biographer, of his grandfather's discharge of the office of Quartermaster-General of the American Army. The pages of this Review have given full place to the pleadings and charges of Mr. Bancroft, and to the replications of Professor Greene on this subject. We have no call here to act as judge or umpire in the case. The papers which contain the matters of controversy between the historian and the biographer are reprinted at length in this volume, in an appendix. We can but say, however, that the biographer has given a complete vindication of the ability, the fidelity, and the integrity of General Greene; showing, from the documents, the evidence and the facts of the case, that the service had been carelessly and ineffectively performed; that it was forced upon Greene, against his wish or interest; that it was reluctantly accepted from motives of patriotism; that it was invested with manifold embarrassments, and could not possibly have been discharged by any one without raising collisions and animosities; and that,

after meeting infinite perplexities and doing the hardest work in the office, he made it comparatively easy for his successor, Colonel Pickering. The campaigns of 1778 – 1780, with the evacuation of Philadelphia and Newport, are duly chronicled. The French alliance, with the new jealousies and complications which it brought with it, threatening for a time to render it inoperative for our advantage; the experiments, failures, alarms, and feuds connected with the worthless and disordered paper currency and the Continental treasury; the sectional variances, intrigues, and cross-purposes of the time, all threatening disasters which the lack of centralized authority in Congress made it powerless to grapple with or avert; — these matters, which put the reader of these days into a state of fretfulness and irritation as he reads of them, are all related and discussed by the biographer with a well-proportioned degree of detail, with a thorough knowledge of the men, the incidents, and the circumstances, and with an admirable discretion and impartiality. The occasional revelations which we have in letters of Greene's private feelings and of his strong domestic affections furnish a grateful relief to the troubled pages of the narrative.

In the third and last volume Professor Greene gives us the history of the last Southern campaign of the war of the Revolution, as under the conduct of Major-General Greene, and which came to a successful close in season to contribute its share towards securing our national independence by the Treaty of Peace in 1783. The General's life was lengthened by only three years after this event. The hardships and exhaustive anxieties and journeys of the campaign had told upon his once vigorous constitution. Only his own rigidly pure, temperate, and careful habits would have sustained him through the arduous work which he had performed. Greene acceded to the command of the Southern army — if that word, with the associations of its modern use, can be applied to the ephemeral, unorganized, undisciplined, and ever-changing bodies of continentals, militia, partisan, and volunteer squads, over which he had but a confused authority — at the most critical and cheerless stage of the long conflict. The promiscuous and unstable elements of his camp, less than two thousand serviceable men, which we have but imperfectly characterized in the epithets just used, gave him constant annoyance, and left him in uncertainty from day to day as to the numbers which he could put to service and as to whether they would obey his orders. He acceded to his command immediately after the failure of General Gates and his most disastrous discomfiture. It had been by the unwise favoritism of Congress that Gates had been assigned a position and a responsibility for which he was eminently unfitted, — not so much from any defect of will or purpose, as through

lack of judgment, discretion, and those comprehensive qualities of caution, calculation, and care for minute details and conditions in which Greene as eminently excelled. Gates, too, had had, though a small, yet a well-disciplined army of large experience in the kind of service they were to perform, and overflowing with patriotic ardor guided by a soldierly spirit. They had been used to toilsome marches and to severe self-denial. They had likewise good subordinate officers, whom they cheerfully obeyed and in whom they reposed a hearty confidence. Gates had put himself hastily at the head of these troops, with the noble and heroic De Kalb as a pillar of his strength, and at once ordered a march. But he seems to have formed no plan of a campaign, recognizing only, as a main object, the driving of the British out of Charleston. He had made but the slenderest provision for his commissariat, and the supplies which he had looked for failed him. His route, which he seems to have left to the decision of some daily chances, as he was ignorant of the face of the country in detail, precluded the collection of needful stores at appointed stations and rendezvous. And this route was itself all but recklessly chosen as the alternative of another which was far preferable. It led him through swamps and barren sand-tracks, morasses, unsettled and unexplored regions where he had no trustworthy guides, and across watercourses which, fordable one day, might by the rain of a few hours be spread into lakes or swollen into impassable torrents with treacherous bars and currents. Hanging on his flanks and rear at various points were the scoundrels who, under the name of Tories, had stripped intervening spaces of tilled territory of their stock and produce, and were ready to shoot down stragglers. That these pests of the region were equally ready to make a spoil of detached bodies of the British soldiers and of their own countrymen in the ranks, did not tend to elevate their character or to qualify their atrocities. On the banks of the Pedee, as Gates's miserable array toiled on, they gorged themselves with the milky ears of the unripe corn, in the failure of their promised salt and rum and rations. Of course enfeebling disease struck down the men who thus gratified their hunger. The more considerate officers escaped by shunning the tempting indulgence, and confining themselves to a *soupe maigre*, made out of the scraggy cattle which good luck occasionally threw in their way, and thickened by a stirring in of hair-powder. It was such an army, in such a condition, that Cornwallis encountered. His victory over it, glorified in the English gazettes, was soon to yield to his own mortifying capitulation,—the decisive event of the war. But that victory, which there was every reason for anticipating, was for the time terribly depressing to our side. Though the Marylanders bravely

stood the charge, they could not bear the shock of Tarleton's cavalry. De Kalb fell with eleven wounds, after his horse had been shot under him. The little demoralized American army took to flight, most of them plied by chance supplies of liquor, and the remnant gathered sixty miles from the scene of the disaster, to establish what was called head-quarters at Charlotte. About the same time Sumter was surprised and defeated at Fishing Creek. The British still held Charleston, to carry on a war of posts, and both the Carolinas and Georgia were divided from the imaginary rule of Congress, while all the horrors of intestine strife were visited upon them.

It was under such circumstances that Greene was appointed to his Southern command, and left Philadelphia in November, accompanied by Steuben, for the aforesaid head-quarters at Charlotte. It is an exhibition of his own magnanimity and generosity of soul, and of his kindly as well as intelligent view of all the circumstances, that, though his previous relations with Gates had been far from cordial or confiding, he yet in his letters wrote most leniently about the misfortunes of his predecessor, and put the most tolerant and lenient construction upon his failure.

Whether taught by that failure, or simply in the exercise of his own sterling qualities as a man and an eminently accomplished military officer, Greene gave his chief attention to the very conditions about which Gates had been most heedless, if not reckless. He frankly and fully made known to Congress his views of the situation, and stated the absolute demands which the soldiers through him enforced upon that body. He established a direct correspondence with the executives and the representatives of the civil authority in the Middle and Southern States. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with his officers and those of the volunteer and partisan corps which followed them. It is easy to see that he humored the whims and the self-consequence of some of the popular leaders, civil and military ; but he did this as a shrewdly allowed condition for insisting upon his own authority in matters where individual caprice must yield to one who was charged with responsibility. He required daily exact returns of the number and the condition of the army, — that army which could never count three thousand men. By the trial, conviction, and summary execution of a prominent offender of that sort, he put a stop to the gross license by which the soldiers had habituated themselves to leaving camp and strolling about or visiting their homes at their own free pleasure. He strained every nerve and wrote reams of letters of importunate appeal to provide supplies of clothing for his men, many of whom were literally naked to the skin, and could not show themselves out of their huts or the bushes, to gather,



for them something that might be called rations, as well as to secure boats and rafts for the frequent watercourses and depots of stores along the route. Wagons and horses were sought for in vain. Hard money, except in some rare spots and pockets, — that of the British, — had disappeared. Continental and provincial paper, depreciated to the rate of a hundred for one, was hard to be got, and worth but little when obtained. Traders and hucksters would not part with the few goods they had, save for fabulous sums in paper, sometimes only for cash. Greene's promise to pay was worth more than that of States and Congress altogether. It was by giving his indorsement to business contracts, on which the very existence of his army was staked, that he became involved in obligations of no pecuniary consideration for himself, which followed him after the peace, involved him in long and weary litigation, reduced his own slender means, imbibited his last days, and even, for a brief time, and from some calumnious detractors, associated reproach with his own pure name and spotless career.

Amid frequent straits, with changing fortunes, not without bitter disappointments and crushing disasters, Greene's fidelity and ability, aided by several favoring circumstances attending in other scenes the close of the war and the preliminaries for negotiation, were rewarded with proud and grateful success. His campaigns, marches, skirmishes, manœuvres, disasters, and successes are described with a graphic pen by his biographer, after most careful and minute survey of the scenes, with the skill of a painter in the delineation of the natural features, aspects, and phenomena of the country, and with the taste and judgment and full mind of an accomplished historical student and man of letters. His subject was worthy of his filial admiration and reverence. No sympathizing reader would abate from the eulogy or the warmth of the pages.

The General's journey homewards, on horseback or in carriage, was an ovation all the way, with demonstrations of honor and sumptuous hospitalities, dinners, representations, festivities, and addresses in every village centre, and in all the towns and cities. There is something quaint and curious in the seemingly far-off and old-time forms and means and concomitants of these ways of doing homage to the victorious General of the South. The biographer has incidentally given us here some charming pictures. Equally engaging, and of high value in the thread of his narrative, and for permanent historic value, are the very striking portraitures and biographies drawn by Professor Greene in episodal paragraphs of the patriot leaders and partisan officers who served with Greene, — Daniel Morgan, Isaac Huger, Otho Williams, Light Horse (Harry Lee), John E. Howard, Francis Marion, and

others less conspicuous. There is a romance in the life of each of these men. Novels and tragedies were crowded into their life-stories.

General Greene returned to his home in Rhode Island, impoverished in estate, but to a happy household, seeing all his children together for the first time. The gratitude of his Southern friends put him in possession of plantations in South Carolina and Georgia. The former he was compelled by pecuniary embarrassments already referred to to sell. He intended to make his winter home at the other, where a fine mansion with spacious and ornamented grounds promised thrift for years to come on the outlay of patient labor. Here he enjoyed for a brief season the delights of domestic life. But here he died from the effects of a sunstroke received on June 12, 1786, while he was viewing the rice-fields of a neighbor.

The three volumes now finding an honored place in our libraries, with the consecration of a patriot's proud fame by filial love, industry, and high literary skill, contain lessons for the times before us.

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5.—*The Works of* GEORGE BERKELEY, D. D., *formerly Bishop of Cloyne : including many of his Writings hitherto unpublished.* With Prefaces, Annotations, his Life and Letters, and an Account of his Philosophy. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL FRASER, M. A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. In Four Volumes. Oxford : At the Clarendon Press. 8vo. 1871.

THIS new edition of Berkeley's works is much superior to any of the former ones. It contains some writings not in any of the other editions, and the rest are given with a more carefully edited text. The editor has done his work well. The introductions to the several pieces contain analyses of their contents which will be found of the greatest service to the reader. On the other hand, the explanatory notes which disfigure every page seem to us altogether unnecessary and useless.

Berkeley's metaphysical theories have at first sight an air of paradox and levity very unbecoming to a bishop. He denies the existence of matter, our ability to see distance, and the possibility of forming the simplest general conception ; while he admits the existence of Platonic ideas ; and argues the whole with a cleverness which every reader admits, but which few are convinced by. His disciples seem to think the present moment a favorable one for obtaining for their philosophy a more patient hearing than it has yet got. It is true that we of this day are sceptical and not given to metaphysics, but so, say they, was the generation which Berkeley addressed, and for which his style was